

engagement ring just prior to the Banyan Ball assembly, which I had the good fortune of announcing at the dance.

Student-body dances were wonderful, romantic affairs, and it was quite common for band leaders to announce two or three engagements at every dance.

I'm not certain if Shirley was too fond of me during that winter and spring quarter following their engagement, because very often, following a weekend dance job, I would drive by Shirley's apartment, where they were parked in front, and honk my horn. Within ten minutes, Art would be at our place, and we would go to Freddie's for a hamburger, milkshake, and fries.

One of the great things about university life are the lifetime friends you make. Shirley reminds me of seven of her friends: Rita Clement, Colleen "Coke" Townsend (of movie-star fame), Betty Clark, Jeanice Winebrenner, Marge Alston, Jane Nielsen, and Carolyn Welke.

These women lived in a basement apartment on 5th East that they affectionately referred to as "the Dugout." It was common in those days to give a name to one's living quarters. For example, Art and I called our basement apartment by the not-too-original name, "Dark Hole of Calcutta," while Jane Thompson, a campus celebrity of BYU Program Bureau fame, referred to her apartment as "Club 343."

Shirley and her roommates became such great friends that, more than a half-century later, they remain in contact, with occasional reunions and constant round-robin letters. Art and I have maintained a friendship in excess of sixty years, and instead of maintaining our competitive rivalry on the tennis court, we have matriculated to the golf course.

Art and Shirley were a very handsome and glamorous couple. Shirley, as mentioned, was Banyan Queen in 1948, and Art was chosen as a photography model, appearing on the cover of the 1947 Christmas edition of *Popular Photography* and on a 1948 cover of *Modern Romances*. It was even reported in a Hollywood periodical that Art was destined for Hollywood studio fame. To Art's credit, he opted to remain at the university, receive his degree, marry Shirley, and go on to a successful career in the Air Force, where we spent some time together. Art served as an officer in the BYU Air Force ROTC program and I served as director of the Air Force ROTC Band. This band served for a length of time as the official marching band at university football games, even appearing in the early 1950s on national television for the classic BYU-U of U Thanksgiving game.

Following a successful Air Force career that saw him serving in the Pentagon, Art went on to be an administrator at the University of Utah's Medical School, and then executive director of the St. George Chamber of Commerce in Southern Utah. In his work with the chamber, Art is credited as being one of the persons responsible for the amazing growth that has taken place in recent years in the city of St. George.

For the 1947-48 academic year, I abandoned my normal fourteen-piece dance band in favor of a smaller seven-piece combo that featured Dick Stott on alto sax, Bruce Riddle on trombone, myself on trumpet, "Aggie" Jensen on piano, Larry Asher on bass, Ron Hyde on drums and Lavina Borgeson on vocals.

From this band, Dick Stott went on to become a successful forensic psychologist in Southern California; Ron Hyde became an assistant to Earnest Wilkinson, president of BYU; Lavina was a successful missionary in New Mexico and loved it so much there that she went on to have a career in Rosewell.

Dick Stott had brought with him several outstanding music arrangements from a band he played with in California, arrangements that fitted exactly the instrumentation of our combo. Bruce Riddle filled out the rest of our book by supplying a new arrangement for each engagement, all for the already mentioned meager sum of \$5.00. We would meet thirty minutes before a dance job for a quick rehearsal of Bruce's latest arrangement and then perform it for the first time at the job. Bruce, while young, was an accomplished musician with a talent for composition along with his gift of orchestration—a gift and talent that was cut short by an untimely death in a car accident en route from Southern Utah to Nevada. I have often wondered what would have happened musically to this wonderfully creative, but somewhat undisciplined, person had he been permitted to live longer.

Another extremely talented person, while I didn't realize it at the time, was a young high school graduate from Springville by the name of James Albert Mason, whom we all knew as Bert. Bert played trumpet and was an advocate of the then extreme Be Bop jazz style. Naturally he rallied around the performance styling of Dizzie Gillespie and Charley Parker. I was more into the Glenn Miller, Les Brown, Harry James, and even Stan Kenton tradition and had little or no understanding of Be Bop, a styling that didn't enjoy a great financial success but was creative and innovative and exists today, particularly in the improvisational styling of leading jazz performers. Bert played a Selmer trumpet with an extremely shallow Rudy Muck mouthpiece that was supposed to aid high register playing. I didn't approve of the Selmer trumpet sound, even though Harry James played one, and even more so the Rudy Muck mouthpiece, because the resultant tone was thin. I felt it was a mouthpiece not to be used by young players, but reserved for a performer when he got older and desired to add a few years to his playing proficiency. I was more into the trumpet sound closely associated with the Vincent Bach Stradivarius instruments, and the more preferred the Bach mouthpieces.

Bert, a member of the Utah National Guard, was called into active duty at the outbreak of the Korean War and served in that country for a time. Bert later reported to me that, while playing in a military band in Korea, he developed an interest in intellectual pursuits. Upon returning to the university, he came under the tutelage of Dr. Dan Martino, head of music education at BYU. Thus he began a successful career. Following graduation, he became director of bands at Brigham Young High School. While there, he

became active in the Utah Music Education Association and served as the outstanding editor of their music magazine.

His work with the Utah Music Education Association brought him to the attention of the publishers of *The Instrumentalist*, a national magazine where he was invited to serve as editor. During a successful tenure with *The Instrumentalist*, Bert became better known as James A. Mason, and returned to BYU as a professor of music education. He received his doctorate, served a term as national president of the Music Educational National Association, and eventually became Dean of the College of Fine Arts at BYU.

While serving as band director at Brigham Young High School, Jim Mason, like myself, took up the playing of the French horn.

Two incidents stand out in mind from our relationship as fellow French horn players. The first was shortly after he took up the instrument. Jim was using one of the University's 6D Conn French horns and had the horn with him, one day, while in my office. As he left with the instrument tucked under his arm, as is the habit of players, he walked through the double doors to my office in the old Social Hall, and accidentally nicked the door casing, ever so slightly, with the edge of the bell section. The entire bell collapsed. Jim's face turned as white as a sheet of paper, and I began to laugh. Jim didn't think it so funny, but the look on his face along with the ever so slight a nick, and the resultant effect, was so hilarious I couldn't help myself.

This was a French horn formerly played by Don Peterson of the Utah Symphony, the instrument that I had started on, but one I wasn't too fond of. So I didn't regret the damage. At any rate, the horn was restored by a competent repairman and continued to serve the music department effectively.

The second incident was more serious. Both Jim and I were playing in the Utah Valley Symphony, under Dr. A. Harold Goodman. I had recently purchased a wonderful hand-made Alexander French horn from Waldemar Linder, principal horn player with the Minneapolis Symphony. The instrument had the incidental history of being played in the orchestra for the New York Metropolitan Opera Association.

One evening, at a rehearsal, Jim wanted to try my instrument, so we switched horns. The horn section was sitting atop a three-foot raiser when Jim got too close to the edge and fell off backwards. He raised his hand as he hit the floor, thus saving the instrument, but causing him severe back injury, that plagued him for years. I always entertained the feeling that his wife, Lynn, felt I was responsible and from that time had little to do with me.

The 1947-48 academic year was athletically important, for it saw the advent of Stan Watts, the legendary basketball coach. Stan came to BYU following a successful career at Dixie College in St. George, Utah, and was serving as freshman basketball and football

coach. It was also the year in which varsity basketball coach Floyd Millet guided the basketball team to its second Skyline Six conference championship.

On the team were legendary players such as Brady Walker, Joe Nelson, Randy Clark, Joe Weight, Ivan "Ike" Beem, and Jack Whipple. On the freshman team were future standouts such as Roland Minson, Hershel Pederson, Dick Jones, Russ Hillman, and Dick Craig—players who, along with Mel Hutchins and coach Stan Watts, won the coveted 1951 National Invitational Tournament in New York City's Madison Square Garden. At the time, the tournament was akin to winning the National Championship. Following graduation, Mel Hutchins became a first-round draft choice in the National Basketball Association and went on to a successful professional career.

Mel wasn't the only successful member of the Hutchins family attending BYU in 1947-48. His sister Colleen was crowned Homecoming Queen by George Albert Smith, President of the Church. I was somewhat acquainted with Colleen—she was a music major at that time, and we were classmates in Dr. John R. Halliday's music theory class. Later we were in his music history class, in which we used to say if you dropped your pencil you would be two chapters behind by the time you picked it up. Years later, Colleen went on to achieve national acclaim by winning the coveted 1952 Miss America crown, serving with great distinction in that capacity.

This was also a landmark year for the BYU Music Department: Professor Leroy Robertson completed a successful twenty-five year tenure as director of the University Symphony Orchestra. Professor Robertson was recognized as one of America's foremost contemporary composers, having won the \$25,000 Reichold Symphonic Award for his composition "Trilogy". This was, at that time, recognized as the highest financial award ever won for a symphonic composition. This work was premiered by the Detroit Symphony and later performed in the Joseph Smith Auditorium by the Utah Symphony. Leroy Robertson continued his marvelous career as Professor of Composition at the University of Utah, and I always considered him one of my favorite teachers.

This year also served as the advent of Lawrence Sardoni, who stepped into Prof. Robertson's post as director of the University Symphony. I learned much about conducting from Professor Sardoni, always considered that he had the most picturesque, expressive, and understandable conducting pattern I had ever witnessed. Prof. Sardoni was a conducting student of Nicolai Malko who was recognized, at that time, as one of the premier international orchestra conductors. Years later I was privileged to work with Malko at one of the BYU Summer Music Clinics.

During that first year, Prof. Sardoni was called upon to conduct, with the orchestra, a series of National radio broadcasts along with Pres. J. Rueben Clark, Counselor in the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The broadcasts were performed on the stage of the Joseph Smith Auditorium.

With me in the brass section of the orchestra were Lavina Borgeson on trumpet; Norm Hunt, Bob Evans, and Bruce Riddle on trombone; and Cherry Beauregard on tuba. Cherry Beauregard went on to become tuba instructor at the Eastman School of Music; Norm Hunt became Chairman of the Music Department at Sacramento State University; Bob Evans had served with distinction with General George Patton's Third Army on its mad dash across Germany during World War II. He liked to tell the story of how he strapped his silver-plated King trombone across the back of his tank, without ever getting as much as a scratch as they crossed Germany. This was a trombone model played by the legendary Tommy Dorsey, and an instrument Bob played throughout his life. He later married Lucille Sandberg, instructor and principle clarinet with the orchestra, and served as band director and later principal of Spanish Fork High School in Utah.

These were the formative postwar years at BYU with many students going on to successful careers at BYU and throughout the world. The University Symphony Orchestra contributed greatly to their successes.

There were wonderful educational offerings at BYU, particularly for music students and most notably during the summer months. Dr. John R. Halliday had organized a two-week summer music clinic that brought in a distinguished visiting faculty from around the world. Some of these visiting faculty included Wally Linder, principal French horn with the Minneapolis Symphony; Joseph Singer, principal French horn with the New York Philharmonic, Simeon Belliston, principle clarinet with the New York Philharmonic; Julius Baker, a renowned flutist with an international reputation; Karl Fuerstner, a concert pianist and director of the opera workshop at the Eastman School of Music, Hy Lammers, a noted brass instructor from the University of Southern California and Warner Bros. Motion Picture Studios. In addition, Dr. Halliday contracted the services of the nation's finest University band directors, such as Clarence Sawhill from UCLA, University of Southern California, and University of Illinois. As students we had the advantage of working under the baton, and even taking lessons from, these renowned artists. I had the feeling that the university and its music department went to great lengths to see that we had the opportunity to work with the best, and that nothing was lacking in our music development. Years later, I had the privilege of serving for seven years as chairman and director of the Summer Music Clinic and hopefully contributed to this tradition.

Lyceums at BYU, under the superb direction of Prof. Herald R. Clark, had, as stated in the 1947-48 Banyan yearbook, become more than programs—they were a tradition. I well remember hearing the renowned Don Cossack Chorus prior to my service years, and 1947-48 was no exception. We were treated to such performing groups as the famed Paganini String Quartet, straight from Paris, a quartet that featured its members playing authentic Anton Stradivarius instruments. Years later I had the distinct privilege of performing with them along with Joseph Singer from the New York Philharmonic. One of these highlights, at least to me, was a one-week visit to our campus of the Los Angeles Philharmonic. Here we had the opportunity of hearing them play several concerts. Other

orchestras that Herald R. Clark brought in, during my BYU years, included the French National Symphony, the Philadelphia Orchestra, the New York Philharmonic, the Boston Symphony, Minneapolis Symphony, and the Utah Symphony. Often during these wonderful orchestra visits we, as students, had the opportunity of meeting, taking lessons from, or attending special workshops with world-renowned principal players from these marvelous musical organizations.

I well remember the time the Minneapolis Symphony came to town. Many of us as students went down to the Denver and Rio Grande railway station in Provo to witness their arrival, hoping to meet or at least catch a glimpse of their respected conductor, Dimitri Metropolis. We were fortunate to have the treat of witnessing him enthusiastically, even athletically, hop off the train dressed in German lederhosen, complete with Tirolev hat and hiking stick, as he eagerly began a trek from the station, through town and up Y mountain. Needless to say we were impressed and all the more anxious to see and hear him in concert that evening.

During the visit of the Minneapolis Symphony, I had the opportunity of taking a special lesson from Dan Tetslaff, one of the orchestra's principle trumpeters. For several years Dan Tetslaff wrote articles on the art of trumpet playing in the *International Musician*, the official periodical of the Musicians Union of the United States and Canada. His articles, along with his special lesson, effectively served me during my academic career.

The Symphonic Band of Dr. John R. Halliday deserves significant mention. Dr. Halliday's bands were noted for their warm and marvelous sound. We played the finest in band literature, and it was often said that Halliday's bands had virtually an orchestral sound. Dr. Halliday, while demanding, was a friend to all of us, even welcoming us into his and his wife Flora's home. I looked forward to every rehearsal and concert, feeling that we could compete with any University band in the country. Lavina Borgeson, Bill Sullivan (later principle trumpet with the Utah Symphony), and I competed as friends for first chair. It seemed that Lavina always prevailed. But we were happy. I know I learned much from Halliday and he served as a model throughout my professional career.

The 1947-48 academic year was rapidly coming to an end, and it was time to prepare for graduation. I was to receive a Bachelor of Arts degree with a major in music theory and a minor, surprisingly, in French. At the time I had no intention of teaching, for my goal was to return to Southern California and hopefully break in and pursue a career as a performer in the Hollywood recording industry.

I knew little if anything about the significance and the tradition of receiving an academic degree. My goal had been simply to gain the expertise that could come from being under the tutelage of competent professors and then hopefully convert this training and experience into a meaningful career in my desired ambition. I had given some thought on how I might pursue my goal of breaking into the Hollywood recording scene. I thought, perhaps, it would be best to obtain a position in one of the bands working in the Los

Angeles area, maybe even getting into one of the so-called name bands that spent the majority of their time on the road. I knew that I wanted to study with one of the noted private teachers in the Hollywood and Los Angeles area; these teachers were associated with the movie recording industry. I might in these ways make some contacts and friends that would open the necessary doors for entrance into my intended dream.

I had rented a cap and gown, gone through the motions of attending graduation rehearsals, finished my final exams, and was ready to attend the formal graduation ceremony and leave immediately after, playing my last dance for the Senior Graduation Ball.

My good friend Norm Hunt had heard of my plan to leave for California and asked if he could drive down with me. Norm was to receive his master's degree and was already employed as a BYU instructor, conducting the Varsity Band and teaching trombone as well as the other low brass instruments. He wanted to spend a few weeks in Southern California studying with one of the noted private teachers in that area.

It finally became time for the formal graduation exercises to be held in the auditorium of Joseph Smith Memorial Building. Little did I know how impressed I would be by the dignity, pomp, and significance of the ceremony. I was particularly impressed by the academic procession. Seeing the University President, Deans, General Authorities of the Church, Faculty and specially my favorite professors adorned in their cap and gowns.

I was impressed by the speeches and the candidates for the master's degree receiving their hoods of different colors, signifying the type of master's degree they were receiving. Then I was impressed by those of us receiving the Bachelors degree with the accompanying feeling that while we had achieved something of significance, there was still a ways to go. I had never before attended a university graduation exercise, and at that time I believe the seed was planted, giving me the impression that being on a university faculty might be something as great as a career in the recording industry.

The afternoon of graduation day, I did a stupid thing. I knew I would be driving all night, following final exams, the actual graduation, and playing 'til midnight at the graduation dance. I thought I had better go to the drug store and get something like No-Doz to sustain me on the 600-mile drive. A friend, who was a pharmacist at the drug store on University and Center Street, suggested I take, and gave me, a Benzedrine tablet. This was a procedure that many bomber crews had followed on their long flights during World War II. My parents, who had attended the exercises, planned to leave the next day. Why Norm and I weren't willing to spend an extra day, I'll never know. Perhaps it's because we were so excited to get on with a new adventure. At any rate, we headed for California immediately following the dance. I had taken the Benzedrine pill and was wide awake. Everything was going well until we reached Las Vegas, where the effects of the pill wore off and I experienced the most devastating feeling I had ever encountered. I became so tired that I thought I was going to die, and then I thought I wouldn't.

Somehow, with both of sharing the driving, we managed to cross the desert, despite the numerous times of having to stop to fill a constantly-overheating radiator while combating an almost overwhelming tiredness. We arrived finally at my home in Riverside, where we immediately fell into bed and after more than twelve hours of sleep, woke with a resolve to never try such a thing again.



## MY HEART IS TRUE

### Chapter V

#### A Summer to Remember

5-1

Following a needed and restful sleep, Norm Hunt and I were eager to begin our Southern California venture. Norm was there to study trombone with a recognized instructor, then return to BYU and continue his activity as a new instructor of music. I was in Southern California to hopefully make the necessary contacts that would lead me to a career in the recording industry. We weren't certain how to begin such an adventure; we thought, perhaps, we could enroll at the University of Redlands, an easy commute from my home in Riverside. Upon visiting the campus, we were impressed by the buildings and their surroundings, but found little happening in a summer program that fit our desires. In quizzing the music department chairman we inquired who would be teaching private trombone and were given a name. Then I asked who would be teaching trumpet, and were given the same name. Then we asked who would be teaching clarinet, flute, percussion, etc., and were given the same name. While this teacher could very well have been an outstanding professor of music, it didn't exactly meet the requirement of our interests. So we decided to look elsewhere, and almost immediately thought of the University of Southern California.

Upon visiting the USC campus, we found that they were going through the same building process as BYU, with many of their music classes being held in homes surrounding the main campus. We also found that USC had an outstanding faculty of artist teachers from the Los Angeles Philharmonic and the movie studios as well. Also on the faculty was director of bands Clarence Sawhill, the former Associate Director of Bands under the legendary William Harding at the University of Illinois, along with Dr. Ralph Rush, an outstanding Professor with a national reputation in music education. We found that Norm could study with Robert Marsteller, principal trombone with the L.A. Philharmonic, and I with Hy Lammers, a former member of the John Phillip Sousa Band, Warner Bros. Motion Picture Studios and one of the two best trumpet teachers in Hollywood. We were excited about the possibilities, deciding this was exactly what we were looking for. It did mean that while I could commute from Riverside, Norm would have to find a place to stay near the USC campus.

I signed up for private lessons under Hy Lammers, which meant I would have to travel to his Hollywood studio on Hollywood Boulevard. Then I registered for private conducting lessons under Dr. Rush. At that time I had little contact with Clarence Sawhill, because I could continue to live at home, traveling to Los Angeles just two times a week. On occasion, I did sit in with his outstanding symphonic band, a band consisting of some of the finest student musicians I had ever been associated with. I remember, at the time, signs were posted around the USC campus stating, "Don't Go!" I wondered what this meant and found it was an effort to keep Clarence Sawhill from accepting the position as director of bands at UCLA, a position that, despite these efforts, he did accept. Many

years later I became a teaching assistant under Professor Sawhill while doing graduate work at the University of California at Los Angeles.

I was driving an ugly 1940 Hudson coupe that would continually heat up when driving across the Mojave Desert, but seemed to do well as I would drive twice a week to the USC campus and then into Hollywood. On the days I would spend at USC, I would drive to Corona, then through Santa Ana Canyon, on to La Brea, eventually coming to Figueroa St., then turn right when I reached the USC campus. On the days I traveled just to Hollywood I would go to Pomona, then on in to Los Angeles, out Hollywood Blvd till I reached Hy Lammers' studio. This was before the freeways, and at a time when I would have to drive exactly thirty miles an hour in order to make all the green lights once I reached the Los Angeles area.

While I enjoyed my work on the USC campus, I was absolutely elated by the opportunity to study with Hy Lammers. Hy was more than demanding, expecting me to play exactly what was written on any given piece of music, which included articulations, breathing, phrasing, dynamics, and counting. If I didn't do these things I more than heard about it, sometimes in not-too-friendly language. But when I played something correctly I was complimented. I remember before coming under Hy's tutelage, I was rather careless when it came to playing exact articulations, be they slurring or tonguing. I knew that I wasn't observing such things as I should, because I was lazy. And here I was a college graduate. Fortunately for me, Hy Lammers took care of it, and since then I have endeavored to play music exactly as the composer had written it. It is an important concept in my life.

I remember a lesson when one of Hy's students was in his studio sitting on the floor, listening to me play. When Hy answered a telephone call, I turned to this student asking if he played trumpet and he said "a little." I noticed that Hy sort of chuckled and had an amusing smile on his face. When the student left the studio Hy commented, "do you know who you were talking to?" Of course I answered "no." Then Hy stated, "that was Larry Sullivan, one of the two best trumpet players in the world, and I don't know who the other is." Larry was the first-call trumpet player for Warner Bros. Picture studios, and known particularly for his excellent playing on the music score of the Errol Flynn movie, *Robin Hood*. Hy went on to tell me that Larry was so conscious of his position that if any other trumpet player, be it a Raphael Mendez or Harry James, released a featured solo, he wouldn't rest until he felt he could play it as well or better—all in an effort to preserve, protect, and defend his position in the Hollywood recording industry.

During one of my lessons I began overusing the word "can't." Saying, for example, "Hy, I just can't play what you're expecting me to." All of a sudden Hy turned to me stating, "I hear you're a Mormon." Of course I said, "Yes." Then he went on to say, "Well if you ask me you're a 'Jack Mormon'." This rather upset me, and I angrily retorted, "How can you say that?" Hy immediately answered; "Because you have no faith!" Then he went on to say, "When struggling with something difficult don't ever say

'can't,' but rather think, 'I imagine I can do it', since this entails some mental process and not a giving up process as indicated by the word 'Can't'." I never forgot this sound and valuable gem of advice.

I looked forward to the two or three times I would drive in each week to either the USC campus or to Hollywood. During these visits I met some wonderful musicians and had endearing experiences. On the days I was on campus I would often go to lunch with Norm Hunt and a fellow student named Frank Erickson. Frank was a gifted arranger-composer, and at the time, in addition to his university studies, he was writing arrangements for Boyd Raeburn, a well-known west-coast big band. This was a band that never reached the popularity of Glenn Miller or Benny Goodman, but had the respect of musicians because of its many innovative sounds, for which Frank Erickson was largely responsible. Frank was also a student assistant to Clarence Sawhill, the USC Director of Bands. This was a lifetime association that led Frank to becoming a major composer of original symphonic band literature. At that time there was little original band literature, and most bands had to rely on transcriptions of accepted symphony orchestra literature. This did little to enhance the reputation, and even more, the acceptability of bands among the higher echelons of music. Frank, along with Clarence Sawhill, did much, by his original compositions, to alleviate this condition. Now there is a vast assortment of outstanding compositions written exclusively for symphonic band, which has brought bands to higher level of cultural acceptability. I remember in later years having opportunity of conducting, while in its manuscript form, Frank's composition *Time and Season*, a work written in dedication to Frederick Fennell and his famous Eastman Wind Ensemble.

During this interesting and important summer I had experiences in Riverside that had a profound influence on my future life. It was good to be home and spend valuable time with my parents and family. It was also a welcomed time to attend my home ward and participate in various social activities involving longtime friends and associates. During the war years I had dated and corresponded with Joyce Hall, a local girl and the daughter of P.W. Hall, one of the leading car dealers in Southern California. The Halls had a beautiful home off Magnolia Avenue and Arlington Avenue near the parent navel orange tree, a tree that fostered the huge orange industry throughout Riverside County. The Hall's home with its spacious surroundings was a natural for hosting Sunday evening firesides for the youth from the Riverside Ward. One such evening in July we gathered there for a bar-be-que and cultural program. At that occasion, because I was more or less Joyce's date, it fell to my lot to be outside cooking and preparing hamburgers while the rest were inside listening to a program. Not to leave myself entirely out of the activities, I opened the sliding doors leading to the patio so I could somewhat listen to the ongoing program. All of a sudden I heard a beautiful soprano voice and wondered who it might be. I stood on a chair to look over the crowd and found it to be Jane Tyler. I barely knew Jane, even though she was a friend of my mother; they had sung together in the Ward choir. At one time we had even appeared on the same program at the nearby Baptist College. I knew that Jane was attending BYU, and I had briefly met her at Allen Hall,

where she lived the previous summer. Allen Hall was normally a men's dorm, but for some reason during the summer of 1947 it served in a coeducational capacity, with the girls living on the second floor.

Following the program and during the eating period, some of the young men in attendance were discussing who they might want to take home, when one of them said he was going to ask Jane. For some reason I wasn't too fond of, or even trusted this person, so I thought to myself, "anyone who sings as well as Jane shouldn't be taken home by that guy." So I decided to ace him out and ask Jane to ride home with me. When she accepted, I found that she lived fifteen miles from Riverside in the small village of Mira Loma. Nevertheless, I enjoyed taking her home, vowing not to make this the last time.

In August, Art Anderson and Shirley Lauver decided to get married, and Art asked me to serve as best man, reminding me that it would be the best man's responsibility to arrange and take charge of the entertainment at the reception. I immediately replied, "No problem," knowing that I would ask Jane to sing.

The following Sunday, while at Church, I saw Jane on the steps of the old Riverside chapel on Third and Locust Street, came up to her and said, "Art and Shirley are getting married next Friday. They would like you to sing at the reception and I'll pick you up at 7:00 p.m." I left her somewhat stunned on the steps. Fortunately for me, Jane did sing at the reception and on the drive home I asked if she would accompany me to Hollywood for my next lesson with Hy Lammers. This time I waited for an answer and the answer was yes!

This was our first date. Having Jane at the lesson was more than interesting; Hy was very courteous, watched his language, and was even less critical of me. All of a sudden he stopped, looked at Jane then at me, and exclaimed, "When are you two getting married?" Jane turned red as can be, and I'm certain I did. I don't know if we even gave him an answer. Later Hy asked if we could drive him to his home at Laguna Beach, which of course I was thrilled to do, inasmuch as it would lengthen the time of our first date. Hy had a beautiful home on one of the hills overlooking the waters of Laguna Beach. After we dropped him off, we took a delightful walk along the waterfront, coming to a street-side vendor that specialized in french fried shrimp. I had just enough money for one order and will always remember sitting on a bench and watching the waves break along the beautiful ocean front as we shared those delicious shrimp.

I know I had a wonderful time, feeling that Jane was really someone special. On the way home we ran into a fog; that is not unusual for Southern California. This was before the freeways that dot the entire Southern California area, and it was more than easy to get lost, especially in a fog. I knew we were close to Mira Loma, but all of a sudden I was off the main road and found myself on a dirt lane right in the middle of someone's orange grove. I had no idea where we were, or what orange grove we were in, but after a while we found the main road and almost as if by a miracle spotted the entrance leading into the

driveway of Jane's home. As I wended my way home, in a now-lifted fog, I knew this was one of the great days in my life. I hated to see it end. I knew I had a wonderful time and hoped that Jane felt as I did. I did know that I had a special, even different feeling, something I had never experienced. I liked what it was.

By August I had finished my formal classes on the USC campus, but was still traveling to Hollywood once a week, continuing my lessons with Hy Lammers. Hy had told me he didn't want me to play in any musical organizations, to avoid being influenced by any other players and their advice. He said he wanted me to listen only to his instruction so that he might mold me into the type player he had hopes I would become. One afternoon he asked me to drive him up into the Hollywood hills because he wanted to show me something. When we arrived at a rather spacious home, he said it belonged to one of Hollywood's fine studio players. I asked him, "What about it?" He said "It could be yours." Another time after a rather grueling lesson, he said, as I was about to leave, "You know you could make it." I was flattered and elated, leaving behind my music and trumpet. It wasn't till I reached Pomona, half way to Riverside, that I realized what I had done. When I walked into his studio, Hy turned to his student and laughingly said, "Didn't I tell you a good Mormon never forgets anything?" At least half my lessons were on breath support. Another time Hy bet me a steak dinner that I couldn't play a certain exercise in Max Schlossberg's *Daily Drills and Technical Studies* completely through in one breath, without a mistake. When I did, he made good on his bet and treated me to a fine steak dinner at a good nearby restaurant.

One day as I was driving on Hollywood Boulevard, and I stopped at a red light right next to the lead trumpet player from the Anson Weeks Band. When he saw me he said, "Dick, Anson is looking for a trumpet man, would you like the job?" I was sorely tempted, knowing that the Anson Weeks Band, though not nationally known, was one of the fine bands in the Los Angeles area and a possible entryway to my goal of becoming Hollywood studio musician. But I remembered Hy's instruction not to play in any band at present and somewhat regretfully declined the offer.

At this time I had accepted a job as a laborer with the Southern California Gas Company. Working with me was John Anderson, Art Anderson's younger brother. John was earning extra money to go to BYU on a football scholarship; upon graduation from BYU, he entered law school and became a successful lawyer in Salt Lake City. Working for the Gas company was sort of fun. Our principle job was two-fold. First we had to dig and then close what were called bell holes—large holes dug generally in the middle of a road or highway so that the journeymen could connect or repair pipe fittings. Then we would often auger under a highway so that long lines of pipe could be fitted. We mostly worked with jack hammers and power spades. At that time one of the more popular movies was a western titled *Duel in the Sun*. John and I, being somewhat imaginative, would get in separate bell holes and play, with our jack hammers and power spades acting as machine guns, a game we called "Duel in the Bell Hole."

Perhaps the most dramatic thing that happened to John and me was late one afternoon, just before closing time, when everyone was getting tired and inattentive. We were loading a truck with residue rock and gravel from some diggings. Generally we would work the shovels in absolute rhythm, but for some reason, perhaps because I was tired, I got out of synch and as I was scooping a shovel full of rocks, John was in the process of releasing a shovel full of rocks into the truck when he caught me, shovel and all, in the face. I wasn't seriously hurt, but had a rather large cut on my forehead. It took me and the entire work crew to the emergency room of a local hospital where I received several stitches and an imposing bandage. This made me somewhat of a hero with the crew, because it enabled us to receive an hour and one half overtime pay as a result of my accident. But I was even more of a hero, that evening, when I went out to Jane's house. I remember the concern and loving care I received as we sat in her living room and, interestingly enough, listened to Rachmaninoff's *Isle of the Dead*. It was a recording by the Philadelphia Orchestra under the baton of Leopold Stokowski, a work that had long been one of my favorites.

By this time I was becoming more interested in Jane, even wondering if she might be the person I would possibly marry. I knew that she was returning to BYU to complete her senior year and my thoughts of becoming a studio player began to wane and the more dominant thought became, if Jane is the right one, then I had better return to BYU as a graduate student and find just how serious our courtship would become.

To return to BYU I knew I had to have a car in better condition in order to cross, once again, the Mojave Desert to Las Vegas and then to St. George and Cedar City with the critical drive up Utah Hill followed by the Black Ridge. I was still driving the pre-war vintage Hudson coupe that was using considerable oil and would certainly heat up on the desert and the treacherous climbs into St. George and Cedar City. Even though I was working for the Southern California Gas Company, I wasn't making enough money to purchase another car, but may have had enough money to overhaul the Hudson if I did it myself. The only problem was that I knew absolutely nothing about automotive mechanics. I did know Don Heath, my former scout master in the Riverside Ward and the auto shop teacher at Riverside Poly High School. I also knew that Don had a small garage in West Riverside in which he did part-time auto mechanic work. I asked Don if I could, for a small fee, use his garage and have him guide and direct me as I endeavored to install another radiator, grind the valves and install new rings. Being a good friend, Don agreed and I set out in earnest to do the work. I can't remember how I got to Don's garage each evening, after work, since it was a good three or four miles each way. I may have walked. While I worked hard, I didn't really do a knowledgeable job and I'm certain Don did most of the work, including making certain I purchased the right parts and doing much of the work when I wasn't around. After a couple of weeks we did finish the job, and the Hudson ran surprisingly well. However, Don gave me a warning that with a new ring job, I must be certain and not lug the engine on the long hills into Utah.

My grand plan was to return to BYU, enter graduate school with the hope of earning a master's degree, take the necessary education classes to earn a teaching certificate and hopefully convince Jane to marry me.

On the return trip to Utah and BYU, Jane's parents agreed that she could ride with me and we took with us another girl who could assist me with the driving inasmuch as Jane didn't as yet have a driver's license. Even though the girl with us had a driver's license, she was inexperienced in driving up hills and each time, just before reaching a crest, would let off the gas without shifting down and, as Don Heath had warned, lugged the engine. While it didn't do immediate damage it did have an effect, and it wasn't long until I again began to burn oil.

We did arrive in Provo without any further incident. I was able to obtain my former room at the Bushnel home, and Jane would be living just a few blocks away at Warnick house, where she would be serving as senior head resident.

## MY HEART IS TRUE

### Chapter VI

#### Graduate School and on to Marriage

6-1

I had to admit it was good to be back in Provo, living once again in Dan Bushnell's home, registered in Graduate School, being with old friends, and of course being there with Jane. I hadn't yet asked her to marry me, in fact we hadn't even talked about it, but I think both of us knew that our eventual marriage was inevitable. Both of us thoroughly enjoyed being together and partaking of the joys of campus life.

Because I had abandoned my goal of being a musician in the Hollywood recording industry, I became a more serious student with the feeling that I had better take the necessary education courses, along with student teaching, and hopefully qualify for and obtain a position as a high school band director. At the same time, I wanted to pursue a master's degree in music education and theory. Up until that time a high grade point average was not a prime concern. All I had previously desired was to take the prescribed courses and receive a grade sufficient to achieve an eventual degree in my particular field of study. But I had earned straight A's at USC and I rather liked the feeling. I also found that in graduate school I was among the more serious and extremely academically talented students, and I had to have a grade of at least a B for a given class to qualify towards my desired degree.

Because of a more serious intent, I decided not to organize and run a student dance band, but instead began to play with both Wes Barry's and Bob Evan's bands. Wes eventually graduated and became director of bands at Orem High School, a position he maintained with distinction throughout his professional career. Bob married Lucille Sandberg, clarinet instructor at BYU, and served as director of bands at Spanish Fork High School, later to become principal of that school. I did, however, find time to continue playing in the University Symphonic Band under the direction of Dr. John R. Halliday, as well as the Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Professor Lawrence Sardoni. Both of these outstanding professors served as role models, inspiration, and guides that assisted me throughout my professional career. John Halliday had the gift of achieving, with his bands, a marvelous sonority of sound that in my opinion was unsurpassed, whereas Lawrence Sardoni possessed the clearest and most understandable baton pattern that I had ever witnessed, a technique that lent itself to the orchestra's excellence.

The 1948-1949 academic year was an exciting year to be at BYU. It was the year the magnificent French Orchestre Nationale from Paris performed on campus, directed by the legendary Charles Muenchen. In listening to the orchestra I was most impressed by their flawless precision. The concert was performed in the auditorium of the Joseph Smith Memorial Building. All of us with experience in performing on that stage knew it was a wonderful place to play, but the feelings of the orchestra members and their conductor exceeded even ours, when they made the comment that they considered the acoustics of the J.S. auditorium perhaps the finest they had experienced on their North American tour.



When the Boston Symphony appeared on campus, I had the opportunity of meeting James Stagliano, principal French horn player with the orchestra. I asked him what repertoire the orchestra would be playing for the concert, and he mentioned, among other things, the tone poem *Don Juan* by Richard Strauss. This is a work that features some wonderful horn calls as well as solis by the entire French horn section along with the solo principal horn. As we talked further, he stated that he would dedicate his playing in *Don Juan* to me. Naturally I was elated and found myself paying more than particular attention to Stagliano's performance, and wasn't in the least disappointed.

By mid term in the Fall of 1948, Jane and I had become very serious in our relationship and had talked about the possibility of marriage. Jane was living at Warnick House, across from Allen Hall, where she was serving as senior head resident. I was still in the furnished basement of the Bushnell's, about five blocks away. Every Sunday, Jane and the other girls would have me over for dinner, giving me the opportunity to know what a fine cook she was becoming. I remember the time I had received some wild ducks a friend of mine had shot during duck season. I proudly took them to Warnick House with the idea of sharing a royal feast with Jane and her roommates. Unfortunately, none of us had ever eaten duck, much less knew anything about how to prepare them. But as they say, we gave it the old college try. We had lots of fun over the anticipation of how wonderful they would taste, only to find they were too greasy and yielded very little meat. We had to resort to the usual Chef Boyardee spaghetti to satisfy our appetites.

About this time it became rather common knowledge that Jane and I would be married in the near future. One day my good friend Norm Hunt, who had been married during most his years in college, came to me asking, "When are you and Jane planning to get married?" My answer was that we hadn't even discussed a date, but it would probably be when both of us were out of school. Norm came back with the statement, "I think both of you should give some serious thought of becoming married as soon as possible, and experience the joy of being married while still in school." I thought that was really a great idea and couldn't wait to tell Jane and test her reaction, only to find she replied with a rather indifferent, "Oh."

The winter of 1948-49 was perhaps one of the most severe in modern history—so severe that special air drops of food were provided to cattle that were stranded in remote fields. My car, again suffering as usual from mechanical failure, was buried under the snow, and I was unable to get it uncovered and repaired until mid February. As a result, Jane and I decided to go home for Christmas by train on the Union Pacific Challenger. When we got on the train in Salt Lake City, it was so crowded that we couldn't find a seat together, even though we had reservations. So we stood out on the vestibule until one of the porters took pity and invited us to sit at a table in the dinning car. While out on the vestibule Jane commented, "Have you thought any more about what Norm Hunt said regarding our getting married while still in school?" Was I ever surprised! I said, "I think about it all the time, and think it's a great idea." It was then that we decided to get

married sometime in the spring, and ever since I have kidded Jane with the notion that she was the one who did the actual proposing.

While at home, Jane said that I had to talk to her Dad and ask him for her hand in marriage. I thought at the time that it was sort of old fashioned and having to do it made me nervous and somewhat frightened. But because of Jane I said I would do it. When I encountered Willard Tyler, Jane's dad, it wasn't too bad. I can't remember exactly what I said, but he agreed to my request, and at the end both of us had a good laugh. On December 23, the birthday of the prophet Joseph Smith, our engagement and pending marriage were formally announced in the *Riverside Daily Press*.

While the winter of 1948-49 recorded record snow depths, spring seemed to arrive early. Just a week before our marriage, the Symphonic Band under the direction of John R. Halliday took a memorial tour to Southern Utah. One of our featured compositions was Lucien Calliett's bandstratation of Johann Sebastian Bach's marvelous organ piece, *Toccata and Fugue*. It had so happened that Walt Disney had featured this composition in the epic movie *Fantasia*, where the splendored beauty of Zion Canyon was displayed. The early portion of the tour had seen us playing concerts at schools and small towns along the highway 89 corridor, with the plan to return to Provo, playing concerts at towns and schools, by way of highway 91. In order to get to highway 91 and a concert in St. George, it was necessary for us to travel through Zion National Park by way of the Carmel Tunnel. Being an adventurer with a nostalgic spirit, Dr. Halliday saw this as an opportunity for us to relive the *Fantasia* experience by having the Symphonic Band stop in the Park, set-up our music stands, timpani, tubas, percussion instruments, along with all the other instruments of the band and use the Great White Throne as a natural amphitheater and perform, in the outdoors, Bach's *Toccata and Fugue*. All of us were excited about this possibility and could hear, within our imagination, how this majestic piece of music would sound in such a surrounding. So we did it! Being this time of year, as well as a severe winter up north, there were not many people in the park to hear us. It was nevertheless an exciting experience that I would never forget, and remains a cherished memory.

On the evening of March 3rd, the day before our marriage, the Symphonic Band arrived back in Provo. Because our arrival time was later than expected, Jane was worried that perhaps we had run into another snow storm or experienced some sort of mechanical breakdown and I wouldn't be present in time to travel to Salt Lake City for our marriage, the morning of March 4th, in the Salt Lake Temple. I know she shed a few tears over such a possibility and was more than relieved when I walked up the steps and knocked on the door of Warnick House and announced I was safely back from tour.

March 4th was a beautiful day: the sun showed brightly, my car was in good running condition after weeks in a snow bank, there was no snow on the ground, and Jane and I happily drove to Salt Lake City for the marriage ceremony. Jane's folks, along with my mother, had made the trip from Riverside, and we felt fortunate that Elder Mark E.

Peterson of the Quorum of the Twelve had consented to marry us in the mirror room of the Salt Lake Temple.

I had always enjoyed listening to Elder Peterson speaking in General Conference, and imagined that his dynamic voice must have sounded something like Abraham Lincoln's. I wanted that voice along with the spirit and wisdom of Elder Peterson to perform our marriage for time and eternity.

Following the marriage ceremony, the wedding party went across the street for breakfast in the Hotel Utah, following which we returned to Provo to prepare for a reception that evening. Jane's parents had arranged for the reception at a two-story Victorian home on east Center Street, and both of us were so excited over the events of the day that in the years following we couldn't remember exactly where that house was, even though we looked for it many times.

Before the wedding we had rented a small apartment from the Bluth family on about 2nd North and 6th East near the elementary school. All we had was a bedroom, a combination kitchen and breakfast nook, and a shared bathroom with the Bluth family. When we arrived back in Provo, prior to the reception, I naturally thought we would go to the apartment, but Jane said she wanted to return to her room at Warnick House and would see me that evening at the reception. I didn't know exactly what to do, so I wandered the campus, returning just in time to my former room at the Bushnell home to prepare for the evening's reception.

The reception was a beautiful affair, attended by many relatives, friends, and college students. I had two best men, Sterling Stott, who attended the temple ceremony, and Art Anderson, who served as best man at the reception. Being relatively poor college students, we didn't have any plans for a honeymoon, nor did we have any funds to stock the cupboards of our small apartment. Fortunately for us, Jane's uncle, Chris Harvey, presented us with sufficient funds, enough to pay for meals and two nights at the Hotel Utah. Jane's cousin, Carol Walker-West, served as maid of honor and she and her sister Anne drove us to Pleasant Grove where I had hidden my car to avoid being taken, as rumored, on a one-way ride.

We arrived at the Hotel Utah March 5th at 1:30 a.m. and checked into our room, which cost an exorbitant ten dollars a night. On the dresser we found a dozen beautiful roses from a former girlfriend, Donna Lou Christensen, which we thought was wonderful.

The next morning we got up early, had breakfast, then went across the street to the Tabernacle to hear the Tabernacle Choir's Sunday morning broadcast. Later that afternoon we thought we would take a walk down Main street, but after less than a block, we were too tired and barely made it back to our hotel room.

On the following day, Monday, March 6th, we were completely broke and had just enough gas to get us back to our small apartment in Provo. We had no idea where our next meal would come from or how we would buy food for the coming week, but we were so happy in our marital bliss that we hardly gave it any thought or worry. Fortunately for us, when we arrived at our small apartment we found that our parents had completely stocked the cupboards and refrigerator, and we had sufficient food to last us well over a week until I had dance jobs and received money from private students.

We were really blessed during those early months, as we have been throughout our married life. While I was still receiving the GI Bill, it seemed that every time it appeared we were about to run out of money an unexpected check would arrive from somewhere and we would have sufficient to meet our needs.

On Tuesday, March 7th, after a two-day honeymoon we were back in class, with Jane pursuing her final quarter of student teaching in elementary education, and I with secondary education as well as graduate classes.

Under President Howard S. McDonald the eventual and extensive building program at the University had begun. Ground-breaking ceremonies for the new Eyring Science Building had taken place, and architectural drawings of the Fieldhouse, Social Center and Student Union were being prominently displayed. There was air of anticipation, even expectation, among students and faculty alike regarding the imminent future of Brigham Young University. We had a testimony of the greatness of BYU and simply knew that there was only one direction in which the University could go, and that was on to added greatness. These were exciting times that I felt privileged to be a part of.

Classes were still taking place on the lower campus. I had Theory of Music, Music History, German, Chemistry, and Educational Psychology classes in the Education Building. The office of the Chairman of the Music Department, Dr. John R. Halliday, was there, along with the fledgling new radio station, KBYU. In the auditorium we presented such chamber operas as *The Devil and Daniel Webster* and Carlos Menotti's *The Medium*.

But the emphasis of campus life was changing to the upper campus, where a quad of buildings—the Brimhall, Heber J. Grant Library, Maeser, and Joseph Smith Memorial buildings reigned supreme.

In referring to existing buildings on campus, the 1948 Banyan made the following descriptions: “. . . the dignity of majestic white pillars marks the Maeser building, home of school administration . . . the cloistered halls of the ivy-hung Hebrew J. Grant Library, retreat of the student . . . and below the old Y bell crowns the tradition-steeped Education building . . . The classic modern Smith building, pride of the campus, stands framed by the green of a weeping birch backed by the old Y mountain to the east . . . the Brimhall . . . home of the pre-Ed students, budding journalists, and mechanical drawing students.”